

PN  
6110  
C7  
072  
1916









36  
6/-

# OXFORD POETRY

~~LEC~~  
~~09883~~  
~~1916~~

1916

EDITED BY

W. R. C., T. W. E. AND A. L. H.

H56209  
13.1.47

OXFORD

B. H. BLACKWELL, BROAD STREET

1916

PN  
6110  
C7  
072  
1916

NEW YORK AGENTS  
LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO., FOURTH AVENUE,  
AND THIRTIETH STREET

# CONTENTS

	PAGE
MURIEL BYRNE (SOMERVILLE)	
DEVACHAN - - - - -	1
W. R. CHILDE (MAGDALEN)	
THE FAIRY LAND OF SHIPSCAR - - - - -	2
THE GERANIUMS - - - - -	4
HISPANIOLA - - - - -	5
A. P. COX (HOME-STUDENT)	
THE STATION - - - - -	6
GERALD H. CROW (HERTFORD)	
ADVENT - - - - -	7
TO N—— - - - - -	8
IS THE END STILL VERY FAR? - - - - -	9
E. C. DICKINSON (NON-COLL.)	
THE APPLE ORCHARD - - - - -	10
LOVE PLAYS IN THE SOUTH - - - - -	12
E. R. DODDS (UNIVERSITY)	
THE AWAITERS OF THE ADVENT - - - - -	14
ESTHER LILIAN DUFF (HOME-STUDENT)	
THE SEA - - - - -	15
GOD'S FOOL - - - - -	16
T. W. EARP (EXETER)	
THE CALIPH WALKS - - - - -	17
THE GLASS OF WATER - - - - -	18
IN BROCELIANDE - - - - -	19
LEWIS GIELGUD (MAGDALEN)	
<i>φίλους δλέσαντες έταίρους</i> - - - - -	21
RUSSELL GREEN (QUEEN'S)	
PLEADING - - - - -	22
TENDEBAMQUE MANUS - - - - -	23
MEDITATION - - - - -	24
CECIL HARWOOD (BALLIOL)	
FEBRUARY—A BRIGHT MORNING - - - - -	25
MARRIED - - - - -	26
PREMONITIONS - - - - -	27
C. GOUVERNEUR HOFFMAN (MAGDALEN)	
MEDITATION ON THE BERKSHIRE DOWNS - - - - -	28
THE ANSWER - - - - -	28
THE SEER - - - - -	28

# Contents

	PAGE
A. L. HUXLEY (BALLIOL)	
MOLE - - - - -	- 29
THE PICTURE SHOP - - - - -	- 31
THE WHEEL - - - - -	- 32
P. M. JONES (BALLIOL)	
FOR THOSE GONE FROM BY THE SEA - - - - -	- 34
SONNET - - - - -	- 35
C. JURY (MAGDALEN)	
PAN - - - - -	- 36
SONG - - - - -	- 37
E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN (MAGDALEN)	
THE GIRL - - - - -	- 38
N. M. MITCHISON (HOME-STUDENT)	
PAX ROMANA - - - - -	- 41
AGNES MURRAY (SOMERVILLE)	
OCTOBER - - - - -	- 42
ROBERT NICHOLS (TRINITY)	
FRAGMENT FROM "THE WANDERER" - - - - -	- 43
FOUNTAIN SONG FROM "THE PRINCE OF ORMUZ" - - - - -	- 45
LEONORE - - - - -	- 46
ELIZABETH RENDALL (HOME-STUDENT)	
"THE SOIL HATH SMUTCH'D IT" - - - - -	- 47
EPITAPH: ON A CHILD BORN BLIND - - - - -	- 47
E. E. SMITH (UNIVERSITY)	
THE TOWN - - - - -	- 48
"LE DORMEUR DU VAL" - - - - -	- 49
"LE MAL" - - - - -	- 50
LILIAN L. SPENCER (ST. HUGH'S)	
LA COURTISANE - - - - -	- 51
THE IN-COMING TIDE - - - - -	- 52
L. A. G. STRONG (WADHAM)	
COR POETÆ - - - - -	- 53
R. A. F. STUDDERT (EXETER)	
TO A LADY - - - - -	- 54
SHERARD VINES (NEW COLL.)	
SONG OF THE ELM - - - - -	- 55
SUMMER NEAR TOWER BRIDGE - - - - -	- 56
EPIPHANY - - - - -	- 57
LEO WARD (CHRIST CHURCH)	
MEDITATION - - - - -	- 58
PETER WARREN (MAGDALEN)	
LOUGH CORRIB - - - - -	- 60



## DEVACHAN

THE bells of Magdalen ringing, and the dusk  
Creeping in filmy veils about the trees,  
A winter sunset fading in the sky;

These things I shall remember when I die;  
Your hair, just stirring in the cool night breeze,  
By the open window; the crackle of a husk

In the glowing fire, flaring yellow-white  
For one brief instant; beech trees in November  
That fringe some sloping ploughland, Elsfield way;

The white and crimson splendour of the May  
O'er shadow'd waters: these I shall remember;  
And all the starry wonder of the night.

## THE FAIRY LAND OF SHIPSCAR

**I**N Shipscar beyond the wold the rivers run brown as beer,  
And the women are not cold, and the babes are darling and  
dear.

The churches are white with praying, and the priests wear copes  
of gold,

And the princes go clad in scarlet, fold upon splendid fold,

And the youths have hair like daffodil in Shipscar over the wold.

And in spring-time the apple-blossom foams there in a rosy cloud,  
Like a goddess with melting bosom over her shepherd-boy bowed,  
And the sunsets show wonderful crimson, they faint o'er the occi-  
dent crests,

When the flame of the great sun dims on Vandale and birds to their  
nests

Flit, and the lazuline green of the hesperal heavens is spread

And the moon like a lily is seen to lift up her beautiful head.

Then the stars show their frail flower-faces like primroses honeyed  
and pale.

They glide in their own dancing-places as ships on Oceanus sail.

Yea, all night long in their choirs the stars will go round and round.

Their limbs of translucent fires are treading the heavenly ground.

O, the beat, beat, beat of their dancing in their windy palaestras  
of gold,

Their angelical aeromancing in Shipscar over the wold!

And the day from her chamber stealing in the uttermost gates of  
the morn,

Is a mystery mild revealing eyes washed from sorrow and scorn,

## The Fairy Land of Shipscar

Is a river of reconciling as her loveliness slow forth-streams  
Into gentlest slumber, beguiling the dallying daimon of dreams,  
Scattering wild white asters while the cocks clamour loud and far  
To the white prince healed of disasters, Lucifer the Auroran star.

And the winds of the Spring bring dreams when from Araby softly  
they blow,

And the thorn-tree buds by the streams into foam-stars of virginal  
snow,

Bring dreams to the wonderful Queen in her castle beyond the  
world,

Whose mantle of violet sheen with swans and lilies is pearled,  
And her orange hair rushes down to her beautiful slender feet,  
And beneath her exquisite crown her eyes like waters are sweet,  
And she dreams in her lazuline chamber of faces that once offered  
her

Mysterious chaplets of amber and marvellous caskets of myrrh,  
And she dreams how the pikes shall be broken and the banners of  
tournament furled,

And the faery peace-word spoken in her castle beyond the world.  
How the hearts of weary lovers shall kiss like doves in the end,  
And how when the veil uncovers, the face be the face of a Friend!  
Ah me, the mild kisses unpassioned when Aperil sighs through the  
fret

Of Oread anemones fashioned ere Chaos could night beget,  
Ere earth was severed from water and flame from the blue air cold,  
And the Father of all from his daughter in Shipscar beyond the  
wold!

## THE GERANIUMS

**I**N empty towns, where no one ever comes,  
Behind the silent panes, pale petalled faces,  
Waxen, the guardian plants of shadowed places,  
Stand in stiff pots the sad geraniums.

Vermeil and white, they faint in cloistral airs,  
Watching the small fires and the starvèd walls :  
Grey dawns affright them, clinging twilight falls  
Coldly about them, virgin dreams are theirs.

Mirrors and solemn chests reflect their pride :  
Stones of dead streets and long-forgotten squares,  
Sad musty corners, subtly smelling stairs,  
Are by their painted blossoms sanctified.

## HISPANIOLA

**B**LUE trees ; the hornèd mountain looms behind,  
His huge foot in the sea, his crest of snows  
Flushed into mystery by the dying rose  
Of sunset and the frail faint-fingered wind.

And ships like weary birds with trailing wings  
Drift homeward over the violet bleeding sea.  
Tall palms against the Sun's death mightily  
Lift their frayed crowns like lean barbarian Kings.

And sad white cities by the burning waves  
Hear from gilt cupolas the bird-like call  
Of Marian bells announcing even-fall  
In ancient churches like gaunt perfumed caves.

And a woman like a leopard, at whose breast  
A crimson rose burns like a splash of blood,  
Sits in a weary contemplative mood  
Confessing that after all Quiet is best !



A. P. COX  
(HOME-STUDENT)

## THE STATION

UNDER the heavy clock the moving crowd  
Circulates busily; but here and there  
A group stands waiting, with a frequent glance  
Up at the silent dial: a porter, bowed  
Beneath his load, catches their casual stare;  
Pausing to shift the weight, misses his chance  
Of motioning them aside, for they have turned  
Back to their careless talk, and staggers round  
Another way. Slowly a heavier pile  
Trundles along, and the whole scene is churned  
Into a tangled mass until a sound  
Calms it again, bringing a mutual smile  
Of recognition, as a distant shriek  
Dies into rumbling clankings drawing near.  
Anticipation seems to isolate  
Each one again. Some feel that they must speak,  
Speak, and not scream, because of sudden fear  
Of this thing coming, a relentless fate,  
On, on, on, nearer as the seconds pass:  
It looms in sight, drowning the petty strain  
In admiration, sends through every nerve  
A glow of pride; under the smoke-stained glass  
The ponderous engine shoulders, and the train  
Slopes heavily to stillness round the curve.

GERALD H. CROW  
(HERTFORD)

## ADVENT

WHY make such terrible talk of thrones and flames  
And trumpets out of the void dark? You know  
God walked in a cool garden when the world  
Was at her birth, and in due time he bore  
The patient agony of her human shame  
Less on the cross than in a garden at eve.  
And so the end too shall be on quiet wise.  
God and the Lady Mary shall walk forth  
In the cool evening, and pluck some flowers  
To put them in their hands and their bright hair :  
But there are flowers that they will not pluck.

## TO N—

ALL day have I been busied about you  
And pondered over intimate ceremonial  
To crown love perfectly. To-night I know  
That love is perfected with contemplation,  
Served with calm worship and cool frankincense,  
And aureoled with the white spiritual fire  
Of his austerity : for Love is God.

O Word made flesh and born of woman, love  
Abiding with us, we behold thy glory,  
And know none other way of coronation  
Excepting thorns, excepting Golgotha.

Because I have been busied about you  
To-day, and seen love paramountly crowned  
With his own crown ; because the peril of thorns  
Is overcrowning you ; to-night I know  
I shall not have my purpose of your beauty,  
Or find if that were happiness after all,  
I that am sorry enough with love already.

## IS THE END STILL VERY FAR?

**I**S the end still very far? Not very far,  
O my beloved. One more hill and vale  
And life is over like a pleasant tale  
Well told, and like the waning of a star  
Under the dawn : and we can lay us down  
And sleep awhile, and wake to hear the sea  
Sounding her passionate symphony  
Beneath us—finding in a little town,  
Where we shall free us out of all our stress,  
An argosy to lead us forth with singing  
And tread with gilded feet the water, bringing  
Our souls to fair isles of more gentleness,  
Where the white domes of fretted palaces  
Flash under crimson skies on quiet seas.

*E. C. DICKINSON*  
(*NON-COLL.*)

## THE APPLE ORCHARD

**A**N olden book is on my knee,  
And Italy's sky is shining  
About the casement of my room  
Where no sad fool is whining;  
For love saith sorrow hath no sway,  
And soul hath no repining.

O make a song upon a day  
When apple trees are blowing;  
When maids go courtin' by the May,  
Eyes sweet where love is showing.

An olden book is on my knee,  
Its pages quaintly telling  
Of clerks and knights and kingly pomp  
Alive in summer's dwelling,  
Where all the bees in haunted glades  
Are busy with their singing.

O make a song to dance away  
When apple trees are blowing;  
And you drink beer and suck a clay  
While cocks are loudly crowing.



## The Apple Orchard

Boccaccio's close were not more sweet  
Than the pleasaunce that I look on,  
Where marguerite and gillyflower  
Are nodding in profusion;  
And love walks there in lily white  
Unto my sweet confusion.

O glad my heart upon a day  
When apple trees are blowing;  
Fair Amoret is by the way  
With eyes of summer's showing.

## LOVE PLAYS IN THE SOUTH

O YOU at play with winds in the South,  
Spare you ever a thought to me  
As you watch the dance of the fickle sea  
In the breath of a wind-capped morn.  
Or have you flown to the mast of scorn,  
O you with your beauty and youth?

I never hear from you in the South—  
Not a whisper or word to say  
That it's ill or well with you to-day :  
Ah, have you forgotten so soon  
The days my threshold kissed the shoon  
Of your beauty and your youth?

From Wytham looking to Oxford's towers—  
When Oxford is Italy,  
I think of a window known to me  
And brushed with lilac bloom :  
How within I had filled the scented room  
With full and splendid hours.

And a voice I knew had tuned those hours  
To a key of richest tone  
That love in the South had never known  
Though He were in Italy :  
O you at play with the winds at sea  
Have you wished again they were ours?

## Love Plays in the South

But a silence broods—not yet, not yet,  
A whisper or word to say  
It's ill or well with you to-day :  
Or that you will remember soon  
How once you lingered to make a tune  
You know I can never forget.

E. R. DODDS  
(UNIVERSITY)

## THE AWAITERS OF THE ADVENT

**S**TRAINING last night to slip the gyve of fate  
And dream the unconditioned, my soul fell  
To that cold toneless utmost verge of hell  
Where the sick voices by the Ivory Gate  
Pray mumblingly "O Thou Predestinate,  
Slave of the world, Spirit intolerable,  
When will thy fire's returning miracle  
Impregnate Time, that we may love and hate?"

These mutterings are of men long underground  
Who, when they knew the chain of hours and places,  
Contemned the comfortable body, and found  
More sweet chimaera's kiss. All night they sigh  
Numbly, thin lean lips stammering, and their faces  
Pale with the lust they did not satisfy.

*ESTHER LILIAN DUFF*  
(*HOME-STUDENT*)

THE SEA

O FATHOMLESS, incurious Sea,  
What ails thee?  
Thou hast drawn down into thy deep,  
Strange-denizen'd profound of sleep  
All that is rich and rare and proudly tended,  
All that is homely, that is undefended.  
These things were ours, vain or desirable—  
Caskets of ebony whose jealous sable  
Enshrined some lovely friend, and ships of gold  
Freighted with fabled wealth, and all the old  
Sweet, customary things—these cannot slake  
A thirst so foreign. Wherefore dost thou take  
Neither to yield nor treasure, youth and age,  
Squalor and pomp alike for heritage?  
O fathomless, insatiate Sea,  
What ails thee?



## GOD'S FOOL

“**W**HAT said God's Fool to you ere he passed by,  
Pranked in a damasked robe, his cloak awry  
Vermeil and rose; why did you bid him stay;  
What wild thing said he, that you looked away  
And laughed all suddenly in strange inconsequence  
Ere he passed singing hence,  
And closed your fingers on a rose of gold  
Tossed mocking-wise into your grudging hold?  
What said God's Fool to you ere he passed by?”

“He did but bid me fashion out of straw  
A lance to tilt defiance at the sky,  
And even as I laughed I saw  
The lovely dream of folly fade and die  
Unclaimed, in proud impenitence :  
Yet since I wear his golden rose of pain,  
Some day when I must fashion my defence,  
This shall God's Fool remember, nor disdain  
To claim me kin, when I come tardy by.”

*T. W. EARP*  
(*EXETER*)

## THE CALIPH WALKS

**T**O the small tavern what cloaked guests have come?  
The wine flows faster and more swift the jest,  
Madly the dancer answers pipe and drum,  
And now the hunched musicians play their best.

Wrapped in their dark, the old blind beggars moan,  
Nor shall night heal their woe so often told,  
When suddenly in their midst a purse is thrown,  
And a queer knowledge cries that it is gold.

Now old uxorious men feel quick alarm,  
For shadowy lutanists send a snatch of verse  
To float in at their window with strange charm,  
The casement closes to a growling curse.

Along the street light laughter ripples down,  
And through the dusk an echo of delight  
Runs like a whisper through the drowsy town,  
Haroun the Caliph is abroad to-night.

## THE GLASS OF WATER

**I**F we could but forget by heart  
The many things we never knew,  
Should we not give a greater part  
To what is fanciful and true?

In vain the cold museum tries  
To break with labels from its dream,  
But still a headless torso cries,  
Against our knowledge things yet seem.

The pure conception grandly flings  
A path beyond the precipice,  
And soon a miracle of wings  
Will quit the sleeping chrysalis.

The poet, calm above all age,  
Must be the actor with his fan,  
The swift horse, blossom, joy and rage,  
Within the booth of his Japan.

Ah, could we win that ideal first,  
Clear water in the glass that stands  
Transparent, patient for all thirst,  
The lilies never grasped by hands!

## IN BROCELIANDE

**I**N the midst of the forest of silence,  
Where even the leaves are mute,  
Where never a bird wanders,  
She plays upon a lute.

With fingers gently passing,  
She touches golden strings,  
Till the trees almost remember  
The long-departed wings,

And the knights and the gay ladies,  
And the music that went before,  
And the days of joy and passion.  
They will find these things no more.

One plaintive lute recalling  
The loud citoles and shawms,  
She alone has not left them,  
Of the beautiful, noble forms.

If she would cease from playing,  
The people with hearts of stone  
Would lead her from the forest,  
And set her on a throne.

## In Broceliande

She would be bright with jewels,  
She would sit crowned on high,  
But if she left the forest,  
Alas, the trees would die.

In the midst of the forest of silence,  
Where even the leaves are mute,  
Where never a bird wanders,  
She plays upon a lute.

LEWIS GIELGUD

(MAGDALEN)

φίλους όλέσαντες έταίρους

WITH us the sorrow : they are happy now,  
As all who sleep are happy, in forgetting  
Their pleasures past : Death cannot disendow  
Only—there's benefit in life-blood-letting.  
Only for us the sharp remembrance-sorrow  
In future pleasures, by their pleasure less :  
Nor pain nor pleasure is in thy to-morrow  
Thou dumb deliverer Forgetfulness !  
Their rotting bodies rotting Flanders fields  
Will serve to swallow. Time will serve to stem  
Sorrow for them : to Time all sorrow yields.  
Weep while thou list, my heart, but not for them—  
Weep for thy pleasure in the love that ends  
With them, my pleasant fellowship of friends.

## PLEADING

ARE we not all as unknown merchantmen  
Come from a distant haven, freighted all  
With curious cargo of unsorted wares?  
And if the ensign wavering over us  
Chance at the first to be unrecognized,  
What matter? Surely nothing can ensure  
The worth of all the hidden merchandise  
Save but to see. And if without assay  
One have dismissed a sea-worn argosy,  
Deep-laden as the ships of old that came  
From Ophir,  
Wave-weary, seeking the long harbourage  
So often miraged in the clouds of hope. . . .  
Well! to the deep it must beat out again,  
Drive back into the weary silences.

\* \* \* \* \*

Why should one thwart the Sower as he sows,  
Or burn the furrows ere the seed be sprung  
Even to the tender blade?  
There might have come the full corn in the ear,  
Sighing before the slow soft winds of night,  
Full harvest for a splendid garnering.

\* \* \* \* \*

Why should you be but one more broken dream,  
A melancholy memory till the far  
Endings of the earth and faltering fall of life?



## TENDEBAMQUE MANUS

I SAW you stand beside me in that hour  
The infinite vision of the passing pain,  
Now weary eyes were closed,  
Sped arrowed fancy forth with all the power  
Of the bent bow whereon the breaking strain  
Had been at last imposed.

Yet in your glance vainly I looked for shame  
To have mocked with measured love measureless need  
Or something deeper sprung  
From the soul's vast imaginative flame  
Through doubt's old darkness where the great pale weed  
Of obscurant wisdom clung.

Endurance, ardour, faith, pursuit, nor prayer  
Availed; Love with hope's flying fire  
Lured to the marsh of doom,  
Embittered with the waters of despair.  
My spirit, baffled of the great desire,  
Fled to the lonely gloom.

## MEDITATION

I SAW the stars against the summer night  
Still trembling as they trembled when the light  
First fell upon them from the further world.

I could not bend my proud humanity  
To kneel before the cold immensity,  
I, who had youth and love, I, who could know—  
They—flotsam on the ethereal ebb and flow,  
Dead things unmoved by immaterial fire  
Of hope and anguish and divine desire.

They were not more omnipotent than I,  
They could not see and dream and change and die.

I could not bow before infinity,  
The silent grandeur could not conquer me.

CECIL HARWOOD  
(BALLIOL)

## FEBRUARY—A BRIGHT MORNING

THE scent of the sun is in the air around us,  
Like the glimpse of a distant herald of victory,  
Whose laurelled brows proclaim the fear that bound us  
Is broken by our strong artillery.  
There is more power in the echoing feet  
Of passers in the newly-shining street.

Beyond the houses from the high trees are calling  
Birds, and a whistling boy with shriller note  
Polishes a window with the water falling  
Sharply upon the slab. His well-worn coat  
Is open now. An interested girl  
At twenty smiles and smoothes a yellow curl.

Dreams that were dying flash to full defiance  
Of the torpid cold content with that may be;  
And the hearts of men renew the old alliance  
With sun and windy sky and rising sea.  
Who said despair shall perish with his despair,  
And leaves shall bud, and resurgent youth shall dare.

Ere night perhaps the clouds will slow and thicken.  
It is far to spring, it is very far to spring,  
And flowers will die in frost, and hope will sicken,  
And many the days that serve the desperate king.  
But not uncertainly, joyous and brave,  
We shall meet at length around the old time's grave.

## MARRIED

A COOL, white windy day. Grass and low hills.  
A dog? A noisy scaramouch. Alone!  
We have given too much in laughter and the thrills  
Of slight discovery. We have not known  
What this day promises, the uncurtained view  
Of perfect imperfection, God in growth.  
They lied who called Love cretin, and we knew  
Not that they lied; we had forgot the oath.  
Pause and repeat : Neither by day nor night,  
At setting or uprising, shall we praise  
Our store of broken beauty. Travel light  
As beggars in the track of the new days.  
Life is a captive fairy, bidding gold,  
Jewels, strong incantations, to be free.  
Refused, he offers youth that grows not old,  
Immortal love. Refuse! And we shall see  
The leprechaun Prometheus, heavens bend,  
Earth shudder. Take! And turn the world to flame.  
Lo, the hearts' pilgrimage has holy end,  
And we have found—what has not yet a name.

## PREMONITIONS

THERE is a terror in the sky,  
A cloud before the moon.  
When I wonder winds reply,  
“Soon, very soon.”

My crumpled, hot and narrow bed  
No breathing space affords,  
As there were boards above my head  
And earth above the boards.

There is a moaning from the sky,  
And hidden the pale moon.  
When I wonder winds reply,  
“Soon, very soon.”

C. GOUVERNEUR HOFFMAN  
(MAGDALEN)

## MEDITATION ON THE BERKSHIRE DOWNS

DUSK. Long, low downs. A shepherd. Drowsy sheep.  
Stone-curlews near the dewpond's purple bowl  
That brims with slow, sad stars and silver sleep;  
Lampless the way, yet luminous the soul.

## THE ANSWER

THE vision'd mystic, kneeling in despair,  
Craving eternal wisdom, sought to pray.  
When from afar he heard an angel say :  
Thy spirit dwells with God—*thou* art the prayer.

## THE SEER

YOU walk by lakes where magic moonlight dips  
Its silver in the mirror of the skies. . . .  
What do you tell me with your silent lips?  
What is the meaning in your wond'ring eyes?

## MOLE

TUNNELLED in solid blackness creeps,  
The old mole-soul and wakes or sleeps,  
He knows not which, but tunnels on  
Through ages of oblivion,  
Until at last the long constraint  
Of each-hand wall is lost, and faint  
Comes daylight creeping from afar;  
And mole-work grows crepuscular.  
Tunnel meets air and bursts; mole sees  
Men hugely walking . . . or are they trees? . . .  
And far horizons smoking blue  
And wandering clouds for ever new;  
Green hills, like lighted lamps aglow  
Or quenching 'neath the cloud-shadow.  
Quenching and blazing turn by turn  
Spring's great green signals fitfully burn.  
Mole travels on, but finds the steering  
A harder task of pioneering  
Than when he thriddled through the strait,  
Blind catacombs that ancient fate  
Had carved for him. Stupid and dumb  
And blind and touchless he had come  
A way without a turn; but here  
Under the sky the passenger  
Chooses his own best way, and mole  
Distracted wanders; yet his hole  
Regrets not much wherein he crept  
But runs, a joyous nympholept,  
This way and that, by all made mad :

# Mole

River nymph and Oread,  
Ocean's daughters and Lorelei  
Combing the silken mystery,  
The glaucous gold of her rivery tresses. . . .  
Each haunts the traveller, each possesses  
The drunken wavering soul awhile,  
Then with a phantom's cock-crow smile  
Mocks craving with sheer vanishment.  
Mole-eyes grow hawk's; knowledge is lent  
In grudging dribblets that pay high  
Unconscionable usury  
To unrelenting life. Mole learns  
To travel more secure; the turns  
Of his long way less puzzling seem  
And all those magic forms that gleam  
In airy invitation cheat  
Less often than they did of old.  
The earth slopes upward, fold on fold  
Of quiet hills that meet the gold  
Serenity of western skies.  
Over the world's edge with clear eyes  
Our mole transcendent sees his way  
Tunnelled in light. He must obey  
Necessity again and thrice  
Close catacombs as erst he did,  
Fate's tunnellings himself must bore  
Thorough the sunset's inmost core.  
The guiding walls to each-hand shine  
Luminous and crystalline;  
And mole shall tunnel on and on  
Till night let fall oblivion.



## THE PICTURE SHOP

THE flow of the crowd is clotted here,  
A frictional point in the street's sleek conduit :  
In the stream is an island ; motionless faces peer  
In at the window of one of those shops,  
At which, though a shamed individual shunned it,  
A crowd of him gladly stops.

Pictures of scarce-veiled opulence,  
A Dian slimness, a lolling pose :  
A welter of basest beastliest sense ;  
Or is it here that the dumb crowd knows  
God's beauteous immanence?

## THE WHEEL

WEARY of its own turning,  
Distressed with its own busy restlessness,  
Yearning to draw the circumferent pain—  
The rim that is dizzy with speed—  
To the motionless centre, there to rest,  
The Wheel must strain, through agony  
On agony contracting, returning  
Into the core of steel.  
And at last the Wheel has rest, is still,  
Shrunk to an adamant core,  
Fulfilling its will in fixity.  
But the yearning atoms, as they grind  
Closer and closer, more and more  
Fiercely together, beget  
A flaming fire upward leaping,  
Billowing out in a burning,  
Passionate, fierce desire to find  
The infinite calm of the Mother's breast.  
And there the flame is a Christ-child sleeping,  
Bright, tenderly radiant;  
All bitterness lost in the infinite  
Peace of the Mother's bosom.

But death comes creeping in a tide  
Of slow oblivion, till the flame in fear  
Wakes from the sleep of its quiet brightness  
And burns with a darkening passion and pain,  
Lest, all forgetting in quiet, it perish.

## The Wheel

And as it burns and anguishes it quickens,  
Begetting once again the Wheel that yearns—  
Sick with its speed—for the terrible stillness  
Of the adamant core and the steel-hard chain.  
And so once more  
Shall the wheel revolve, till its anguish cease  
In the iron anguish of fixity;  
Till once again flame billows out to infinity,  
Sinking to a sleep of brightness  
In that vast oblivious peace.

P. M. JONES

(BALLIOL)

## FOR THOSE GONE FROM BY THE SEA

THE Sea, the noontide, the receding song  
Of waves, withdrawing from the radiant shore,  
The bay, the harbour, where the old boats throng,  
Shall drowse their eyelids with noon-dreams, no more.

The Sea, the moonlight, the majestic crash  
Of crystal billows on the jewelled beach,  
No more shall tell them of those Isles that flash  
And fade for ever from adventure's reach.

North-wind's delirium, thunder's rolling rage,  
All the demented voices of the deep,  
Calling, lamenting them from age to age,  
Shall stir no eyelid of the sleep they sleep.

A call they heard that came from overseas,  
And they, with shouts that made the tall cliffs shake,  
And songs that faded on the faint sea-breeze,  
Vanished, one evening, in the red sun's wake.

And now they slumber on thy boundless breast,  
O pale Pacific, whom no ambient light  
Chaineth and straineth to her will's unrest,  
Whom no wind troubles in thy timeless night.

Thou art their harbour and their open sea. . . .  
And no dim crying from that distant shore  
Shall end their roamings or their rest in thee,  
Their Ocean-sepulchre for evermore.

## SONNET

I LOVE the languor of late summer days,  
When dream-compelling perfumes richly steep  
The drowsèd winds, and green mirages sleep  
In shimmering folds of opalescent haze;

And motionless, pale kine forget to graze  
In the blue gloom of branches, drooping deep  
With wealth of emerald leaves the old trees weep  
For dateless woes, reviewed beneath noon's gaze.

But when their wafted sorrowings are hushed,  
And they have yielded to the envied boon  
Of mingling in the world's white rapture brief,

My life, in its too human bondage crushed,  
Longs to invade the dolorous trees, and swoon  
In sylvan trance of unremembered grief.

## PAN

MUSES round the sacred spring  
Dance not always, neither sing.  
When they seek their white repose  
Helicon its scandals knows.  
Once the conversation ran  
On the parentage of Pan.  
“Why,” said one, “you must agree  
Pan’s the son of Dryope.  
Some affirm the godlike goat—  
But you know the story to ’t.”  
Then a second, “Did not Zeus  
Phoebe’s buxom maid seduce?”  
“Both are out,” affirmed another;  
“Chaste Penelope’s his mother;  
Oh, Odysseus, poor dear man,  
Little thinks of goatish Pan  
That, if his face few loves allures,  
’Tis the fault of all those wooers.”

## SONG

**I**F Ocean were but filled with wine,  
Then were it my desire  
From out his caverns into mine  
To drain that crimson fire.  
Wherefore 'tis well, though not divine,  
That Ocean is not filled with wine.

*E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN*

(*MAGDALEN*)

## THE GIRL

**I**N the deep humour of maturing hours,  
When trees embosomed with their cloud of leaves  
Speak summer to the winds, and fewest showers  
Subdue the light of lately-gathered sheaves,  
A girl lamented singly on a wold  
For that her joy had waned and life was cold.

“That he should fly, ’tis nothing, but that love  
Once seen should turn to nothingness and kill  
The heart that nursed it as a treasure trove,  
Oh, this is the supremacy of ill  
That reign’d where’er we glance, although its face  
Be masked in verdure and delicious grace.

“I have had knowledge; what avails it now?  
I have had music, but the fount is dry;  
Romance has wreathed the laurel for my brow  
And left me gazing on an empty sky,  
Pale with the disappearance of a god;  
My heart is what it is—a dusty clod.”

So moaned she in disjointed utterance,  
Scarce conscious of the folly of her pain,  
For she was one trained in the crooked dance  
Of intellectual subtlety and sane  
Philosophy had yielded comfort one,  
To ponder on the evil that was done.



## The Girl

When of a sudden came a gentle wind,  
Chafing the airy damask of her cheek.  
“It was not he,” she cried, “but I that sinned;  
The joy I sought, it was not there to seek.  
The world’s a meeting place of storm and ease,  
And love is but a mystical disease.

“We live to laugh; laughter’s the sum of things.  
Take thou my kisses, wind, for now I see  
That utter human disappointment springs  
From a desire of Christian charity.  
Out, out, fond kindness, I will be as earth—  
Pagan, abandoned unto solar mirth.”

Her eyes leapt up, her hair broke forth, her feet  
Tiptoeed the vivid grasses; angular  
Her hand went to her brow; a dazzling fleet  
Of birds was driving leisurely afar.  
Was it for her this vision? Could it be  
A sweet reward for her late blasphemy?

Ere she could reach unto the end of thought  
A voice was in the blue, “Thou art approved,  
Daughter of satisfaction. It is nought  
The sorrow that thou bredst from thy beloved.  
I am the radiance of the early day,  
Warm thou thy body in the word I say.

“Madonna Cytherea is my name;  
Be that enough.” ’Twas gone, the sunny birds,  
Sparrows and wrens were chirruping; aflame  
She wondered on a flood of eager words—  
“A dream? She spoke, her eyes, her accent mild  
Are known to me, long known; and yet no child!

## The Girl

"I need no lover for I have seen love.  
My house is everywhere in this gay world;  
The dearest exultation is to rove  
A beam from some awakening planet hurled.  
Yes, 'tis a beam, an ecstasy I am :  
To learn the truth upon this wold I came.

"Amiable adoration of the skies,  
On us, as on a thousand, hast thou shined,  
That I should wash me in thy limpid eyes,  
And gladsome be that I was one time blind.  
Silence be now my theme, the joyousness  
Of meditation on my eyelids press."

So saying, she descended from the wold,  
A rapture breathing wheresoe'er she passed,  
And meeting him whose heart had struck hers cold  
A thankful look upon his forehead cast.  
He bowed, and she went on, all jubilant  
At the achievement of her life's romaunt.

N. M. MITCHISON  
(HOME-STUDENT)

## PAX ROMANA

ALL in your sunlit acres,  
Quiet among your trees,  
Or cool and calm in your garden  
When summer scatters the bees,

In your high white-walled parlours  
There breathes no echo of song,  
But dim through the folded curtains  
The day, drifting along.

Ploughing, sowing, and reaping,  
And over the fertile ground,  
From harvest on into harvest,  
The seasons following round.

You will die unremembered,  
But your land will not die,  
And still shall be red wheat stretching  
Between a sky and a sky.

AGNES MURRAY  
(SOMERVILLE)

## OCTOBER

I HAVE proved your strength as naught, your faith as dust about  
the door

Blown by expediency now here, now there,  
And resting never; but from fear  
Of some discomfort you cast into night  
The Truth that makes the lives of men—and more—  
Than this, you set your eyes away from light,  
And fixed them in the little things that lay  
About your feet, and are in God's eyes as the salt sea spray.

And still I love you—strangely, stubbornly—it will not die  
This hunger for the sight and touch of you,  
For all those wizard ways you knew  
To still the heart ache that would never sleep  
Quite quietly for what might lie  
Hidden behind the Future—Strangely deep  
The stillness of the ecstasy you brought  
With those dear lips—a quiet more profound than sleep or death  
or thought.

ROBERT NICHOLS

(TRINITY)

## FRAGMENT FROM "THE WANDERER"

THE sea darkens. The waves rave and rush.  
The wind rises. The last birds haste.  
One star quakes above; the flush  
Of yellow dies down behind the waste.

I look on the deepening sky,  
The chill star, the forlorn sea breaking.  
For what does my spirit cry?  
For what is my heart so aching?

Is it home? But I have no home.  
Is it tears? But I no more weep.  
Is it love? Love went by dumb.  
Is it sleep? But I would not sleep.

So alone, O soul, upon earth.  
So alone twixt the sky and the deep:  
No love and no lover worth  
The bondage of tears and of sleep.

Must I fare, then, in fear and in fever  
On a journey become thrice far,  
Whose sun has gone down for ever?  
Whose night brings no guiding star?

## From "The Wanderer"

The wind roars and an ashen beam  
Waving up shrinks away in haste.  
The waves crash. The star's trickling beam  
Travels the warring waste.

I look up : in the windy height  
The star's orb serene and afar  
Shakes overbrimmed with her light.  
Beauty, be Thou my star !

## FOUNTAIN SONG FROM "THE PRINCE OF ORMUZ"

**M**Y rose before ever the three tears were shed  
I wished lie in its bosom has fallen apart,  
Off their snapped golden hair all my pure pearls have sped  
Before their mid ruby could burn on my heart.  
To-day is as yesterday : as to-day so to-morrow,  
But fallen my rose, pearls, tears  
                                Fallen in sorrow ;  
Or ever I woke it was sunset to-day,  
As fast flows the fountain as fast flows away,  
                                As fast fall away  
My pearls and my tears, my rose and my sorrow.

## LEONORE

**D**ARK, calm-eyed Leonore loved  
Rich roses deep and red.  
Her still hand held one carmine  
Beside her dusky head.

She had taken it from the bowl  
Mellow white traced with blue,  
Set on the tablet's lustrous  
Level between us two.

As twilight fell her darkling look  
Into my soul she bent.  
Deeper her great eyes' languor was  
Than the hushed roses' scent.

With June's moon Leonore stole out  
Into the warm still mist.  
Nought but the lonely fog floats in  
To renew the long tryst.

Two crimson petals fall and then a hush,  
And lo! two fall again.  
How slow and red the petals drip!—  
Symbols of love and pain.



ELIZABETH RENDALL  
(HOME-STUDENT)

“THE SOIL HATH SMUTCH'D IT”

REMORESFUL, my Beloved, you!  
And am not I remorseful too?  
But O, it has been said,  
It has been said—  
The bitter thought has come to bitter birth,  
And nothing worth  
Is our regret.  
We shall forget,  
But O, it has been said,  
It has been said—  
Better our love were dead!

EPITAPH

ON A CHILD BORN BLIND,

*Sunday, May 1st, 1912.*

TREAD lightly by,  
For here doth lie  
In very peace our little Mary:  
Sunday's child shall see a fairy.

E. E. SMITH  
(UNIVERSITY)

## THE TOWN

THE monster Town sprawls underneath the night  
His jagged back of touzled alley-ways,  
With here and there an eye of shuttered light,  
Half-blind, peering athwart the waste of dark.

For night is the Beast's rest; when day is done  
His panting breath grows hushed, and his huge limbs  
Loosen relaxed, until another sun  
Kindles the fever of another day.

Couched in uneasy sleep he lies, and hears  
In spite of sleep, through troubled dreams, the cries  
Of raging souls in vain, and stifled tears  
Of beaten souls that whimper into sleep.

And still the mount of vision stands and calls  
Leaning to rescue, till the sleeping Beast,  
With a heave of streets and squares and prisoning walls,  
Stirs, blindly groping towards the beckoning hand.

## “LE DORMEUR DU VAL”

(ARTHUR RIMBAUD)

THROUGH the green vale the crazy streamlets run,  
Trailing their silver ribbons, and in pride  
The light leaps down over the mountain-side :  
A tiny hollow, shimmering in the sun.

A trooper—young, mouth open and bared head,  
Slumbers; the blue cress bathes him where he lies  
Flung in the grass, and dreams beneath the skies,  
Drenched with the sunlight, pale on his green bed.  
He lies, his feet among the corn-flags deep,  
And smiles in dreams like a sick child asleep. . . .  
Cradle him warm, O Earth! he is so cold.  
Now in his nostrils every scent has died,  
Still—still—upon his breast the white hands fold,  
And two red bleeding holes gape in his side.

## “ LE MAL ”

(ARTHUR RIMBAUD)

**B**LOOD-RED the shrapnel spits, and leaping higher  
Whistles day-long across the blue serene :  
Hounded before their King—scarlet and green,  
The massed battalions crumble under fire.

And the old ghastly madness fills the grave—  
A hundred thousand men, one smoking heap. . . .  
O pitiful dead ! On the green fields you sleep,  
Earth's loveliness, that bore you once so brave.

And God, who laughs amid the cloth of gold  
And gleaming chalices, where incense steals,  
Hearing in sleep low anthems softly rolled,  
Wakes when a mother, huddled in her grief  
Under her old black bonnet weeps, and kneels,  
Offering her mite wrapped in a handkerchief.

LILIAN L. SPENCER  
(ST. HUGH'S)

## LA COURTISANE

I TIP-TOED past your window as you slept,  
A young pale moonbeam lighted on your bed,  
A ray of silver on your shadowed head.  
I think it was my heart's blood that I wept.

Veiled, dreaming eyes, dark lashes, curved and long,  
Lithe, supple limbs, the languor of the South,  
Faint, haunting shadows lurking round your mouth,  
Red lips, which Love had made for wine and song.

And then, because I loved you passing well,  
I could not bear to think the hands of Death  
Should one day strangle that slow-rising breath.  
I took my knife from out its blood-stained sheath—  
And so we passed, each to our separate hell.

## THE IN-COMING TIDE

SOMEWHERE are dim green silences, and peace,  
And cloud-fleets slowly marshalled o'er the blue,  
And trails of liquid bird-notes, clear and true,  
With whirl of glancing wings that find release.

Where dawn-flushed roses scattered fragrance shed  
On swaying hare-bells' sheltered woodland dream,  
And hush of twilight shrouds the darkening stream  
As Night draws near, with silver-sandalled tread.

Oh! ship of dreams, borne in on hastening tide,  
Whose restless waves are sunless now, and cold,  
My heart is dumb, and suddenly grown old  
With lonely longing for the men who died.

## COR POETÆ

HE brought you gold.  
He brought you lilies and cool marble.  
Fallen in wondrous shapes.  
All the music of life and summer laugh'd in him.  
I had but dreams.

These he brought you,  
These and his lips and longing eyes.  
Yet you turned to me—  
I who am nothing and love you—and chose, saying  
“Give me your dreams.”

But I could not.  
How could I? I stood there mutely.  
And with proud tears  
You turned, and kissed him, and left me. . . . “Still,”  
said I,  
“I have my dreams.”

O my misery,  
Numb, choking, shaken with dry sobbing!  
Here indeed is Death. . . .  
O eternal and beautiful cruelty, dreadfully have you  
undone me.  
You have taken my dreams.

## TO A LADY

THE Rain is falling : stars seem half put out,  
And Gloom, grey-cloaked, creeps down the shuddering street,  
Where the black pools and gutters meet and shout  
And spit out mud beneath the pouring sleet.  
The stripped poor world cried out as winter's thongs  
Beat on her bare-back, lash and sickening sting—  
And I forgot the sound of summer songs,  
Lisp of spring leaves and laughing flowers of spring—  
Till lo! I looked and saw within your eyes  
The quickened roses in the blowing lane  
And whitening crops that smiled at summer skies,  
And the blood poppy and the world's done pain.  
Ah no! the winter's song is not despair,  
Solange, for on your lip is hope and in your hair.



## SONG OF THE ELM

FIRS they brood on the mountain steps  
Up to the edge of the snow  
And squirrel and jay by the larches play  
In the spate-marked cleave below.  
Plane tree skirts the walks of the town  
And tamarisk skirts the sea,  
But a rolling elm on a rolling down  
Is the mark of my country.

Oak went sailing forth to war  
At the feet of admirals good,  
Wicked and crook'd and gnarled and hook'd,  
Crouching in Wistman's wood.  
Ash of the rowan the good wife knows  
Keeps roving ghosts from her door :  
But wind's in the elm with the nesting crows  
Voiced like a wave on the shore.

When the smoke has died from the stacks of hell,  
Where the damned do honest toil,  
When the Wafer is dust, and as all men must  
Its priest lies under the soil ;  
When the moon is black, and the sun is old,  
And drowned men swarm up the sea,  
And the Lord climbs down from his chair of gold,  
He'll climb by an old elm tree.

## SUMMER NEAR TOWER BRIDGE

SOME acrid children of the town,  
Whose little bodies peep between  
Rents in their garments, cry obscene  
Hail to each other, patter down,  
Barefoot, the sun warmed paves, to see  
Those the more venturous who strip  
On some low barge behind a ship,  
And yellow Thames looks cool and free :  
They stand white-skin'd, but thin of thigh,  
Crop-headed ; each one waits the other  
To take the splash and abrupt smother,  
Each boastful in his nudity.  
The first dives and the others scream,  
The others, one by one, and watch  
Some wallowing lighters in a batch,  
The tug foam-thrashing up the stream.  
Tower green grass is bright with sun,  
The speech of wheels is deep and wide,  
While some chime on Surrey side  
Tells how the city hours run.

## EPIPHANY

A N hour of May for me  
Is true Epiphany,  
When the birds sing to us  
"Creator Spiritus,"  
And in each little nest  
The Lord is manifest;  
When thorn along the down  
Is white with holy crown,  
When plover scream and swerve,  
Who their master serve  
And all the brilliant wood  
Is breathing God,  
Now, no man may not see  
True Epiphany.

LEO WARD  
(CHRIST CHURCH)

## MEDITATION

(FROM AN EASTERN SAGE)

**M**OVED out of many things,  
On wearied wings  
Of unavailing sense,  
I, seeking, found a way—  
A purpose to allay  
The failure of that sweet sufficiency,  
That as a dreamy cloud  
Would still the wingèd voice  
Which, by no evil choice,  
Hath purpose to be loud.

I sought a way of power :  
In every crowded hour  
I learn'd !  
Nor ever spurn'd  
The land of ever-opening light,  
The star of knowledge in the realm of night.  
So, marvell'd I to know  
What was of long ago,  
And how my heart shall take,  
And how re-make  
The gleams that come and go.

So, in my scholar gown  
(*Alive* now grown !)  
I wearied not of all-the-earth's fair crown  
That was my own.

## Meditation

I sought no more the feast :  
I, now, more than a beast,  
Cared little for the chase, the victory  
O'er other beasts that I  
No more could hate  
Nor care to emulate !

Yet, as on earthly wing  
I sought a higher thing,  
Was caught  
In the realms of thought,  
So, seeking, must I find  
(Or fall, for ever blind),  
That Light  
Amid the night :  
That Power that did inflame  
This universal frame ! . . .  
The gleams that come and go  
That Power do know—  
For I have caught  
A radiance of their thought ;  
And, as I left behind  
A body starved and blind,  
So will I starve the brain  
If but the *soul* attain  
To love  
Which is above :  
And in love's longing find  
The body, soul, and mind !

## LOUGH CORRIB

A STILLNESS is on the bog,  
The wide dim lake,  
And the castle on the hill,  
Where the sun goes setting down,  
Tingeing with amber-red  
The long bog-grass and purple heather.  
Far off an owl cries out,  
And a distant dog;  
Man and his beast go home  
To the long white village beyond.

Twilight comes  
And the restless spirit of the past  
Sighing over the lake,  
Sighing weary in the stillness of the dusk,  
Sad as the soft warm air,  
The murmur of the grass,  
And the gentle scent of the hills,  
When the sun goes setting down.  
Sad torn spirit of this land,  
Sighing in the pale evening  
For the sorrow that has been,  
And the sorrow that is to come.

The night draws in,  
The landscape fades,  
And a fresh strong wind blows over the lake.







15/10/48 H.M.

PN            Oxford poetry  
6110  
C7  
072  
1916

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE  
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

---

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

---

